THE

CUCKOLD's CURSE,

Againſt the State of MATRIMONY.

AND a

SATIRE,

On My LADY TINDER A----ſe.

And the bribed CUCKOLD, *like Crown'd Victims born,*
To Slaughter Glory's in his gilded Horn.

YOUNG.

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THE

CUCKOLD's

CURSE &c.

THO' I once happy in a ſingle life,
Yet ſhipwreckt all upon that rock a wife;
By gold and beauty, powerful charms betray'd,
To the dull drugery of a marriage bed:
That paradiſe for fools, a ſport for boys,
Tireſome its chains and brutal are its Joys.
Thou nauſeous prieſtcraft, that too ſoon appear'd,
Not as I hope'd, but worſe than what I fear'd,
All her ſoft charms which I believed divine,
Marriage I had thoughts had only made them mine,
Vain hope, alas! I for too early found,
My brows were with the thorn of wedlock crowned,

Jealouſy

Jealouſy firſt from reaſon rais'd a doubt,
And fatal chance th' unhappy truth bro't out
Made it ſo plain from all pretences free,
That wicked woman no excuſe could plead,
And if ſhe wonted device to hide her ſhame,
Hell can no umbrage for adult'ry Frame,
I thought it prudence the diſgrace to hide,
Tho' rave'd and ſtorm'd the pardon begg'd and cry'd
Yet with falſe proteſtations ſtrove to charn
The cuckold to believe ſhe had done no harm,
Tho' taken by ſurpriſe (curſe the day)
Where all the mark of paſt enjoyment lay;
And ſhe diſorder'd by her luſtful freaks,
Had ſhame and horror ſtrugling her cheeks;
Yet made eſſays to clear her innocence,
And hide her guilt with lies and impudence,
For luſtful woman like a vicious ſtate:
Oft ſtifles ills, by others full as great:
But I convinc'd too plainly of her guilt,
All her falſe oaths, and quick inventions ſpoil'd;
Which when ſhe us'd in vain, ſhe bluſh'd and cry'd,
And own'd her fault ſhe found ſhe could not hide.
This I forgave, ſhe promis'd to relaim,
Vow'd future truth, if I'd conceal the ſhame;
But what ſtrange adamantine chain can bind,
Woman corrupted, to be juſt or kind.
Or how can man to an adultereſs ſhew,
That love which to a faithful wife is due.
I ſtruggle hard and all my paſſions cheeks,
And chang'd revenge into a mild reſpect,
That good for ill return'd might touch her near,
And gratitude may bind her more than fear;

My

My former love I every day renew'd
And all the ſignals of oblivion ſhew'd;
Wink'd at ſmall faults, would no ſuch trifles mind.
As accidental faiiings not deſign'd?

A

SATIRE *&c.*

NOT a mile from an oak in the iſland of ſaints,
There lives a prim woman who is fond of pranks,
And female curioſity led her to know
The uſe of light fingers, the bottle and beau;
To practiſe with which ſhe began pretty early
Until ſhe had learn'd all the trades very fairly.
She plays ſlight of hand with the niceſt of jugglers
And humours intrigues wtth the beſt of ſmugglers,
She once was a toaſt too but now is degraded;
(The fineſt of flowr's *are thrown by when they're faded*)
Each morning ſhe ſpends at her toilet and glaſs
Repairing by art the decays of her face.
Though thus ſhe's declining, what then? She's as briſk
As if but eighteen, ſir, and as full of friſk.
She ogles coquets, plays the jilt and the——.

And

And ſwears to be true all at once to a ſcore.
She's ſmart at her pun, rapartee or a riddle
And ſtill is in tune, ſir, to anſwer the fiddle.
She dances and ſings pretty well— we all know it;
And ſhe's as induſt'rous in public to ſhew it.
In the iſland of ſaints you hardly would fine
Half ſo many monſters as are in her mind.
She's bold and as brazen as *Butler*'s *Thaleſtris*,
Of envy and cenſure a notable miſtreſs;
Inconſtant, imperious, affected, ſelf-will'd,
In ſcandal and modiſh fineſſes well ſkill'd.
She's odd in her humour, in temper uneven,
And much like a feather in a ſtorm ſhe is driven.
That very ſame thing that ſhe now does abhor
She longs the next morning another way for.
To all her gallants ſhe is equally civil;
In aſpect a ſaint but in practice a devil;
Preciſe in her converſe ſtill pointed with cenſure,
She can't bear to hear of the name of a wencher:
With an air of diſdain and in formal diſguiſe,
If an harlot's but ſpoke of, ſhe rools up her eyes;
Yet I could name ſeven beſides her DELIGHT
Would be welcome to her any hour of the night.
She brags of her reading, whereas it has made her
In tatling and lies an impertinent trader.
With ſcraps out of novels and lines out of Plays
The prude, famale rake and coquet ſhe diſplays.
For painting ſhe's fouly ſuſpected———, beſide
She bears all the ſymptoms of *Jezebel*'s pride.
Of all that is virtuous and good the reverſe:
All her conduct, in ſhort, is no more than a farce.

At noon she is this thing, at night she is that;
Still pouting and flouting and knows not for what:
As glib as a scythe in a meadow she prattles
And fills the whole town with her lies and her tattles:
Thus of horses at racing, 'tis very well known,
The lighter they carry the faster they run.
She's famous for scoulding, or else she's bely'd:
Her eyes are the index of envy and pride.
She at her tea when set over the table
Like discord describ'd in the heathenish fable.
In wonton excesses she chiefly delights:
Like an adder she stings, like a serpent she bites.
Forbidden desires and unnatural pleasures,
Attended with spite are the vices she treasures.
Her breast when the furies with malice inspire,
Just like a vulcano she belches out fire.
Of every vice she has *Benjamin*'s share;
She's haughty as *Lucifer*, pert as a player,
A curse to her kindred by nature design'd;
She's damn'd in her conscience before and behind:
Confounded on all sides for this sin and t'other;
A spawn of perdition by father and mother:
Most fruitful of mischief but barren of grace;
God's curse against murder is writ in her face.
In short to describe her in ev'ry feature;
Her mein and her carriage, her bulk and her stature,
The hitch in her walk and the swag in her shoulders
(Which strikes great amazement in all her beholders,)
Her hellish infusions and crooked suggestions,
Her curious enquiries and *Je ne se quoish* questions,
Her envy, spleen, malice, ill temper and spirit,
Her pride, revenge, censure and other de-merit;

There

There is not one failing known in a woman,
Whether inward or outward or private or common,
But in it's extent would be fully diſplayed
And more left to think on than e'er could be ſaid.
I all things eaſier to her temper made,
Scorn'd to reflect and hated to upraid,
She choſe (and rich it was) her own attire,
Nay, had what a proud woman could deſire,
Thus the new covenant I ſtrictly kept,
And oft in private for her failings wept,
Yet bore with ſeeming cheerfulneſs thoſe cares,
That brings a man too ſoon to griſle hairs,
But all this kindneſs I diſpens'd in vain,
Where luſt and baſe ingratitude remain,
Luſt which if once in female fancy fix'd,
Burns like Salt-peter, with dry touch-wood mix'd,
And tho' thro' fear for a time may ſtop it's force,
'Twill ſoon like fire confin'd, break out the worſe,
Or, like a tide obſtructed, re-aſſume it's courſe.
No art can e'er reform the ſtinking ſtote,
Or change the letcherous nature of the goat:
No ſkilful whiſter ever found out the ſlight,
To waſh or bleach an Ethiopian white,
No gentle uſage truly can aſſwage,
A tygers fierceneſs, or a lyon's rage,
Stripes and ſevere correction is the way,
When once they're thoroughly conquer'd they'll obey
'Tis whip and ſpur, commanding rein and bit,
That makes the unruly headſtrong horſe ſubmit,
So ſtubborn faithleſs woman muſt be us'd,
Or by a woman baſely be abus'd.

For

For after all endearments I could ſhew,
At length ſhe turn'd both libertine and ſhrew,
From my ſubmiſſion grew preverſe and proud,
Crabbet as varges, and as thunder loud.
Does what ſhe ples'd would no obedience own,
And redicul'd the patience I had ſhewn,
Fears no ſharp threatnings, values no diſgrace,
But flings the wrong ſhe has done me in my Face,
Grows ſtill more head ſtrong, turbulent and rude,
Thought to fill my manſion with a ſpurious brood,
Thus brutal luſt her human reaſon drown'd,
And her looſe tail obliges the whole town,
Advice, reproofs, prayers, tears were flung away,
And ſtill ſhe grows more wicked every day,
'Till by her equals ſcorn'd my ſervants fed,
The brutal rage of her adulterous bed;

Be it known to my Reader that thinks me too (bitter
That my lines than the Perſon I ſing of are ſweeter.
To make her much blacker I need not endeavour,
So let her be damn'd in Oblivion for ever.

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FINIS.